

Compassion in the Devil's Eyes

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Summary: Charlotte Willis has just moved to Haddonfield Illinois with her uncle and her first school project is a psychology portfolio on none other than the infamous masked killer Michael Meyers! But when he escapes once again, will she be on his hit list? R&R!

1. Chapter 1

Note: I don't own anything but my own characters! :) On with the story!

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><p>Chapter One:

Seventeen-year-old Charlotte Willis was having a bad day. She and her drunken uncle had just moved into a decrepit, rundown apartment on the outskirts of Haddonfield, Illinois, and it was her first day at her new school, Haddonfield High.

"Charlotte Willis?" her aging, grey-haired math teacher called, his wire-framed glasses sliding down his vulture-like nose as he called role.

"Charlie," the girl corrected, raising her hand halfheartedly before running her slim, tanned fingers through her waist-length brown-blond hair. Her dark, forest-colored eyes glinted dully from beneath weighted lids as she waited for class to be over. It wasn't like she had any friends to hang out with after the final bell or to walk home with. The only person she knew that lived in her apartments and went to school with her was some spaced-out, junky pot-head named Allen.

The teacher, Mr. Smith, continued on down the roll until he had called everyone, and then moved on to the day's lesson, not even acknowledging the fact that Charlie was new and had no idea what was going on. So with a sigh the brunette rested her chin in the palm of

her hand and let her mind wander until the bell rang for her fourth and final period.

"Good afternoon class!" Charlie's Psychology teacher Ms. Cooper exclaimed, sweeping into the classroom in a flurry of brightly colored skirts and tinkling gold bangles. "Today marks the beginning of our yearly class project! And this year is going to be extra special!"

As she spoke she fluttered about the room, gesturing grandly with her arms and sending her numerous bracelets into another fit of light, chime-like jingling.

"This year," she continued with a broad smile, "We are going to be taking bi-monthly trips to Smith's Grove, and all of you will pick and interview one person! At the end of the year, we will be presenting our own case files based on who you have selected!"

A murmur raced through the students at her words, and even Charlie perked up a little while Ms. Cooper proceeded to hand out permission forms. It gave a detailed list of all their scheduled visits, and it came with another sheet listing the project guidelines.

"Our first trip will be to pick your pen-pal partners!" the woman rambled on as she swept back to the front of the class, "So be sure to get your forms signed!"

Charlie grinned widely and tucked the sheet into her bag, actually looking forward to the final bell.

"I'm home!" Charlie called as she shoved the door shut behind her with her foot and dropped her keys into her bag for tomorrow.

"You're late!" came her Uncle Brant's reply from the small, cramped living room. "Go get me a beer!"

Charlie opened her mouth to say something nasty to inebriated guardian, but then remembered her permission slip and promptly snapped it shut before depositing her bag in her room and digging around in the fridge until she found an unopened can. After tossing it to him and stifling a laugh as he missed horribly, she waited for him to figure out the complexity of a pop top and take several long swigs, belching loudly before giving her a bleary glare.

"What do you want?" he slurred.

"I need you to sign something for me," she replied. "School stuff, ya know?"

He considered her for a moment before giving a huge sigh and gesturing slightly. "Bring me the damned sheet and somethin' to write with then," he finally answered.

Suppressing a cheer, Charlie spun on her heel and sprinted to her room, digging out the form and a pencil before dashing back to the bald, pot-bellied man. It took several excruciating seconds before he could focus enough to scrawl his name at the bottom, but once he did Charlie stowed it safely in her book bag and headed into the kitchen to cook dinner, a bounce in her step even when the older man got

angry because his food wasn't cooked just right and gave her a sound beating. That night she fell into bed sore but happy.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two:

On the day of their first trip, about a week later, Charlie was nearly bouncing out of her seat with excitement. They were even getting out of their first and second periods, so that was an added bonus.

"Are you excited?" one of Charlie's classmates inquired as she took a seat next to the brunette on the decrepit old school bus. Her frizzy black hair stuck out in every direction away from her pale, freckled face, and her dark eyes glittered happily.

"Yeah I am," Charlie replied with a grin. "How 'bout you?"

"I'm a little nervous, actually," the smaller girl answered. "And my name's Jess, by the way."

"Charlotte," the brunette smiled. "Charlie for short, though."

The two became fast friends on the ride to Smith's Grove Mental Hospital, bouncing excitedly in their seats and chattering happily until the bus spluttered to a stop in front of the nondescript brick building, emitting a loud pop of backfire.

"Now remember class!" Ms. Cooper announced before letting them off. "The person you pick today will be your pen-pal partner for the rest of the year! So pick wisely children! And mind the rules!"

Then she led them off the bus and through the thick chain-link, barbed-wire topped fence and into the hospital.

"Oh man, this is so cool!" Jess murmured in awe as they entered a large room filled with small three- and four-person tables. Little groups of patients milled around idly, waiting for the students.

"Yeah it is," Charlie replied while the two followed the rest of the students farther into the room.

"Alright everyone!" Ms. Cooper crowed, "Get busy!"

Jess gave Charlie a bright smile and wandered away towards a small knot of patients while the taller brunette lingered by the wall, suddenly a little unsure of herself. Her deep moss-colored eyes scanned the big room, watching her classmates integrate, and finally came to a rest on a far, shadowed corner.

There was a man there, sitting by himself and staring sightlessly at the disinfected white tabletop. Chains bound his wrists and ankles to the thick metal chair, and lank, unkempt dark blond hair obscured his pale face. Charlie froze as her eyes locked on his behemoth frame, and her heart began to pound almost painfully against her ribs. Without even thinking she slowly moved towards him, her folder clutched against her chest and her throat going dry. A dark aura

permeated the air around the big man, and yet the teen found that she seemed to have lost all communication with her legs. She continued to move forward until she finally came to a halting stop at the edge of his table across from him.

"Umâ€œ| hi," she mumbled, her tanned cheeks flushing with embarrassment as he slowly raised his head to look at her. Dark blue, nearly black eyes locked onto the younger girl and a slight frown creased his wan, emaciated face. "My name's Charlie," she added pathetically.

After her quiet words an awkward silence stretched between the two, their eyes locked in a deep gaze that left the brunette swallowing dryly. Then he looked down at her pale blue folder, and she quickly held it out to him.

"I-it's for a school project," she explained to him. "We would write to each other."

His piercing gaze flickered back and forth between the young girl, with her riotous tawny hair and big doe-eyes, and her proffered folder. But as she spoke in her tentative, halting voice, the big man noticed the door across the room opening, and watched as two guards entered.

"You don't have toâ€œ| you know, if you don't want toâ€œ| "

The brunette's words pulled his attention back to her, as she stood uncertainly before him with her folder clutched in white-knuckled, trembling hands. He knew his being here with these children was an accident. He knew that the men quickly crossing the room, their gazes intent on him and the teenager, were coming to take him away. For a moment he considered just ignoring the child and letting them take him. What did he need with some little girl writing idiotic notes to him all the time anyways, probing into things she couldn't even imagine in her worst nightmares? He had heard the doctors telling everyone earlier about the interviews the students were going to be doing. But as the guards got closer, he couldn't seem to help it as he reached out and took her folder and the felt pen she offered. (There were no ballpoint pens or pencils allowed.) Then he scrawled his name at the bottom of the paper she pointed out to him and it was done. As the men pulled him to his feet and shooed the little girl away, he wondered fleetingly how long it would take for her first letter to come.

End
file.